

"CONFUCIOUS PARLOR."

Native Sons of Chinese Parents Organize
AND WILL ENTER POLITICS

Politicians Scheming as to the Possibility of Buying Chinese Votes in Blocks of 2000.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 6.—A political club is being formed in this city by several Chinese who have the right to vote, and the bosses behind it expect to make it several hundred strong by the next election. Ng, Guan and Leong Chung, two native born Chinese, have established headquarters on Clay street, where they have installed a political club under the guise of a Native Son's parlor. On the door is a sign reading, "Chinese Native Sons' Association, Confucious Parlor." This club numbers at present about fifty members, and there are said to be 2000 American born Chinese voted at the last election, and the Australian ballot law has no terrors for them. Practical politicians are scheming as to the possibility of buying Chinese votes in blocks of 2000, and utilizing them in a manner that will overthrow any majority that white American citizens may give a candidate.

SAN FRANCISCO RACES.

One Race Jobbed and Bets Declared Off.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 6.—The steeplechase was jobbed today and all bets declared off. The race was fixed for Woodford to win, but when it was seen he had no show, Red Pat forced him and April won. There was a howl and an investigation with the result that no bets were paid. Favorites won all the other races.

Half mile, maiden, 2-year-olds—Code 1, Virgo 2, Gladiolus 3. Then, 49½.

Six furlongs, selling—Captain Bee 1, Broadhead 2, Marvel 3. Then, 1.14½.

Six furlongs, Winche stakes, 2-year-olds—Canfield 1, William Pinkerton 2, Valentine 3. Then, 1.16.

With a quarter, handicap—Chahight 1, Gilded 2, Hy Dry 3. Then, 2.08½.

Mile and a half, steeplechase—April 1, Red Pat 2, Woodford 3. Then, 3.22.

Six furlongs, Gemini Edwards 1, Gloucester 2, Mr. Jingle 3. Then, 1.15½.

A Shrewd Thief Convicted.

DENVER, Colo., April 6.—Postoffice Inspector McMichael received a dispatch today from Inspector Waterbury at Williamsburg, A. T., saying that John Lyons, leader of the gang of highway robbers, burglars and spike-robbers which has been terrorizing the authorities of Arizona for a year past, has been convicted of robbing the postoffice at Williamsburg, and will receive a long sentence. Inspector Waterbury says that the prisoner is one of the shrewdest thieves in the country.

Scarcity of Beef Cattle.

HANCOCK, Nev., April 6.—Not for ten years has this state been so free of beef cattle as at the present time. There is hardly a beef steer for sale in Nevada, Grant County, Oregon, or that portion of California lying east of the Sierras. Last year at this time there was only 25,000 head seeking a market. Eastern buyers have cleaned up all the beef in this section. Cattle have gone up to \$2 per head. There is a better feeling prevailing among beef people than for ten years past.

Appointments by the Governor.

SACRAMENTO, April 6.—Governor Budd today appointed the following port wardens for San Francisco: Nelson Pravost, H. R. Atwood and P. J. Harvey, vice J. W. Gage, A. J. Martin and B. J. Wilson, terms expired; J. S. Manley of Riverside, R. C. Irvine of Sacramento and Maresden Manson of San Francisco, members of the state bureau of highways.

Huntington Coming.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 6.—C. P. Huntington, it is stated, left New York yesterday for California in his private car.

He will come by the Sunset route via New Orleans and El Paso, and will travel only in the daytime. General Manager Lowe and Land Agent Mills will leave San Francisco tomorrow to meet their chief at El Paso and New Orleans.

SURPRISE PARTY.

It is Given by the Friends of Miss Lizzie Carling.

A number of the young friends of Miss Lizzie Carling gave her a surprise party Friday evening, April 5th, at the home of her parents, No. 634 M street, being the occasion of her 15th birthday. The evening was pleasantly passed in games, vocal and instrumental music and dancing, concluding with refreshments.

Among the young ladies present were the Misses Myrtle Wright, Mamie Mills, Emma Farrow, Annie Farrow, Eva House, Minnie Hobson, Eva Maclen, Lizzie and Irene Carling, the young gentlemen were George MacLean, Charley Brown, H. H. Gilbert, Charley Doyle, Willie Smith, Bud Morgan, Tom Nelson, Calif Farrow, Fred Wright, Tom Carling and Master Jim Carling.

THE WOLVERINES.

They Meet and Talk Over Old Times and Scenes.

The Wolverine club was entertained on last Thursday evening, April 4th, by Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hutchinson at their residence. Owing to the high wind, the attendance was not so large as it otherwise would have been. But the Wolverines present were as jolly as they usually are, and the evening passed as pleasantly as could have been desired.

Michigan, and the old homes, and the old friends, the scenes of the past with their joys and sorrows, were recounted. Then came the games and amusements, in which both old and young took part. After all these the company sat down to a delightful repast, and a little after midnight they adjourned to meet again next month.

Peter Hoy, best selected stock of silverware and jewelry, for presents, 1013 street.

Mrs. Jessie Wilson of Oakland, worthy grand matron of the O.E.S., is the guest of Mrs. C. E. McLean of this city.

Cash in the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—Today's statement for the treasury shows available cash balances, \$187,004,752; gold reserve, \$90,440,115.

Mr. W. F. McVey's

W

THE FRESNO MORNING REPUBLICAN

Additional Local on Pages 1 and 4

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN

THE SUPERVISORS.

An Extremely Large Dose of Politics.

OUR PECULIAR SCHOOL-BOARD

Take Purifier Mackay to a Pump and Swap Him Off—Populist and Fusion.

When a laborer is without work it is a terrible thing, is it not? With him work means pay, and pay means life. When the average toiler is without employment it is estimated that he is within a month of starvation. But how many laboring men do you think there are in Fresno, as elsewhere, who are absolutely out of work today? There are many of them.

Now suppose that I could tell you how 20, 40, or 75, more or less, of these workless men could immediately be given work which should last for a long time to come, you would hold it my place to tell you, would you not? Well, I can do it, and will.

I find the power of the school board to do this thing; it has laid in its hands for more than a year, and for more than a year it has, with a bulldogged obstinacy only equaled by that of Hobson's cliff, refused to exercise the power. For nearly two years, while the people have been paying \$4000 a year in interest on school bonds, and they have to show it for nothing. Why? Because of the resolute obstinacy of a school board's majority to which the utmost charity is extended when its conduct is characterized only as "resolute obstinacy." At a time when money is scarce, and no one can afford to do this thing; it is the facts that are severe in this case.

In these hard times when every dollar is a precious thing, the people of Fresno have paid out \$5000 or \$6000 in interest on school bonds, and they have to show it for nothing. Why? Because of the resolute obstinacy of a school board's majority to which the utmost charity is extended when its conduct is characterized only as "resolute obstinacy."

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pence, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Colver, Mr. and Mrs. F. Saffell, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. W. H. Wall, Misses Alice Russell, Flora Sheldene, James L. Murchison, Western On Prickett, E. Hall, G. L. Hayes, E. L. Montague, C. F. Elliott, Mr. Tait, Lippscott, A. H. Saffell, Bert Russell and others.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

No Appropriation Yet for the Hundred Thousand Club.

The executive committee of the Hundred Thousand club appeared before the Board of Supervisors yesterday morning, in pursuance of arrangement, to renew their application for an appropriation. The finance committee of the board, which had been instructed to prepare a report on the matter, asked for further time, which was granted, and the filing of the report was set for Tuesday afternoon.

J. F. McDonald, the newly appointed horticultural commissioner, appeared before the board and asked that the time for inspecting trees, etc., be extended till April 20th. It was so ordered.

On the matter of the petition of G. C. Tresselt and others for a new road, Mrs. Chapman, a non-voting land owner, appeared by her agent and tendered a deed right of way. An motion of Sayers the deed was accepted and the auditor was directed to draw a warrant in favor of Mrs. Chapman for \$75. The road was declared public highway.

President Lindsey opened by calling on County Superintendent Kirk for an address on the school system, which was thoroughly appreciated, as was evident from the copious notes taken by the listeners.

Then Mr. W. T. Shattock, by drawing, gave a ten-minute talk on "Drawing, an Art Object," which she commanded as worthy the attention of educators quite apart from the mere idea of artistic training, since it necessarily cultivated the faculty of observation, and taught just ideas of form and proportion, not attainable by copying or haphazard attempts at design.

Professor Heaton's theme was "The correct use of the phonetic." He said the pupils in his higher grades should be taught method in learning a word and also in studying the definitions.

Miss Bartling's talk on correct pronunciation was both lively and instructive. She referred to the slovenly style in which such terminations as "ent" and "ent," "or" and "er" are given; to the slurring of sound which has made it possible for illiterate persons to write "would of" for "would have."

Bartling asked what should be done in pronouncing such familiar words as "tele-dash-amber." Should they receive the local or the continental pronunciation?

Mrs. Tolson gave a very brief but lucid and lucid on the merits of vertical writing, showing its superiority in speed, legibility and ease of production.

C. J. Walker took up fractions as his theme, and contended it was easy to teach them by such a simple method, for instance, an cutting up an apple. F. M. Lane, C. A. Taylor, Prof. Heaton and others engaged in a discussion on the subject in a way to show that they did not share Mr. Walker's views, but it was fully "stand-off" when the discussion closed.

After a brief debate on a motion that the association have another meeting in a month's time the motion prevailed, and the arrangement of the program was left to T. C. Elliott.

Probate Matters.

The following probate matters were attended to in Judge Carter's court yesterday:

In the estate of Won Wo Chan, deceased, the claim of Lee Suck Sam was allowed for \$7,125.60.

In the estate of P. M. Stow, deceased, the final account was disallowed.

In the estate of Minnie A. Dean, deceased, the final account was disallowed.

In the estate of John J. Connolly, deceased, the petition for final discharge was granted.

The will of William Shultz was admitted to probate.

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FOR EASTER!

IN THREE —————

Attractive Departments

WE MAKE

SPECIAL OFFERINGS FOR THE HOLIDAY

Millinery, Fancy Goods,

Boys' Fancy Clothing.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Under the able management of Mrs. Skidmore, is acknowledged to be the leading Emporium of Millinery styles this side of San Francisco. The goods are new, bright, pretty and stylish. We invite the Ladies of Fresno county to call and inspect our Millinery Goods. Hats specially trimmed for

Easter!

EMILY BANCER

IN "OUR FLAT" AT THE BARTON
TOMORROW NIGHT
One of the Most Attractive Farce
Comedies Ever Given the
Public to Enjoy.

Without exception one the biggest and best musical farce comedies will be seen at the Barton opera house next Monday evening, April 8th. If reliance is to be placed in the reports that come from San Francisco, regarding the brightness and attractiveness of Mrs. Musgrave's latest farce comedy "Our Flat," which is now being played at the Strand Theatre, London, where it made a previous record of 780 consecutive nights. The story of the play runs as follows: Two young people fall in love and marry without the consent of the girl's father, who of course refuses his blessing. Likewise his pocketbook. Nevertheless, they commence housekeeping in very good style on the top floor of a flat house, but get into horrible debt in trying to keep up appearance. The husband, a writer of tragedies, finds it impossible to get a play accepted when the the young wife attempts something in the play writing line her-



ARE WE TYNDALLIZED?

Last Day SUNDAY

EVERYBODY CALLS

From 10 a. m. to 4 p.m.

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

Learn Your Fate



At Hughes Hotel

No More Sittings of Clairvoyance After 4
O'Clock Today, as Professor Tyndall
Leaves on an Important Case
in San Francisco, then
Goes South.

IF YOU ARE IN TROUBLE

Don't worry, but go to Tyndall. He will unveil the past, present and future to you and show the way clear in all affairs of love, business, marriage and speculation. He locates stolen or lost property, unites lovers, tells you who your enemies are, warns you against plots and all evil and gives other useful and marvelous information.

Remember the place where you may find the Great Clairvoyant; he will read your past, present and future.

This is Your Last Chance

To consult the wizard, as he shortly leaves for Bombay, India, where he will eclipse the Hindoo priests by being buried for thirty days, at the end of which time he will be resurrected alive, well and hearty. It is the same test he tried to perform in Chicago, which was prevented by the late mayor, Carter Harrison, whose death was prophesied by Professor Tyndall.

So look out for the next Highland

Go to Professor Scott and mark them down at once. We will wait every time.

Go to Professor Scott and mark them down at once. We will wait every time.

No one seen out of those hours except by special engagement.

\$25 FOR YOUR LIFE!

Why sell it so cheap? That is the risk you take when you buy a cheap bicycle—or one of those so called high grade ones—50-25-15-10-5 off for cash.

DID HE CATCH YOU

On the same old story—confidentially—"That he wished to introduce one of his wheels, and make you an agent?" Well, he tells everybody the same.

R. M. THOMPSON,

1136 J Street, is the "Only Bicycle Dealer in Fresno" who sells strictly High Grade Bicycles made by manufacturers who have done business under one name for 16 years.

RAMBLERS AND VICTORS

Are Bicycles—strictly high Grade—and known the world over. One price to all. Honest in construction, stylish, up to date and serviceable. If you ride, ride a cycle that is safe.

(Continued in Next Wednesday's issue.)

TIVOLI

Most Centrally Located Resort in the City.

LOUIS SCHOLLER, Proprietor

CASH PAID For Fat Stock, Hogs and Poultry.

5000 CHICKENS WANTED.

West Side Market Stores

A. D. GREEN, Proprietor.

OGLE HOUSE

Bresno, Cal.

FRONT ST., OPPOSITE PASSENGER DEPOT.

Best second-class Hotel in the valley. Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers. Trains stop 25 minutes for meals. Board and room \$1 and \$1.25 per day. Headquarters for all Stage lines. SPECIAL RATES to excursionists and family parties.

COLLINS BROS., - PROPRIETORS.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

COVERS MOST LOOKS BEST WEARS LONGEST MOST ECONOMICAL FULL MEASURE

Refrigerators, Ice Chests, Freezers.

See Our New Oil Stoves.

DONAHOO, EMMONS & CO.

CITY MARKET

1147 J Street, Fresno,

S. EVINGER, Proprietor,

Wholesale and Retail Butcher and Packer.

Choice Beef, Pork, Mutton and Veal. Fine Fresh Sausages Always on Hand

HAMS, BACON AND LARD A SPECIALTY.

Cash Paid for Fat Stock, Hides and Pelts.

DRUGS! MARK WEBSTER has Purchased the Drug Business formerly conducted by Elmore & Burks. He has put in a fresh supply of everything usually kept in a First-class Store. Photographers Dry Plates and Chemicals. 1917 Mariposa St.



FANCHER CREEK NURSERY

HEADQUARTERS

For the Largest and most Complete Assortment of

FRUIT TREES

CITRUS TREES

OLIVES, GRAPEVINES AND ROSES

TREE DEPOT: J Street, opposite Barton Opera House.

PACKING YARD: North of Noble Bros' Raisin Packing House.

OFFICE: 1152 J Street.

GEORGE C. ROEDING, Manager

Notice for Publication of Time Appointed for Proving Will, etc.

In the Superior Court in and for the county of Fresno, state of California, in the matter of the estate of Jonathan A. Arney, deceased.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF CLERK OF THE COURT, made on the second day of April, 1895, notice is hereby given, that on the 1st day of May, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m. or of said day, at the court room of said court, in the city of Fresno, state of California, in the matter of the estate of Jonathan A. Arney, deceased, and for hearing the will of Jonathan A. Arney, deceased, and for hearing the bill of interlocutory, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

Dated April 2nd, 1895.

T. J. Hart, Clerk.

H. C. Warner, Scientific Optician.

Flake Building, 1109 J Street.

EDWARD SCHWARZ (Proprietor)

Opposite Barton Opera House

FRESNO, CAL.

ERNEST HUGHES, deceased, also known as Ernest Hughes.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Ernest Hughes, and his son, W. H. Church, administrator of the estate of Ernest Hughes, deceased, also known as Ernest Hughes, to the creditors of whom he left debts amounting to \$10,000.

He died April 2nd, 1895.

J. R. Wena, Judge of the Superior Court.

Notice to Creditors.

Ernest Hughes, deceased, also known as Ernest Hughes.

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THEAM.
many in a maze,
there dashes
boldly through
the old head as the
old coming makes all
with blossoms high and
and little but
nothing to end free
nearly all agree.

to suppose
I have to tell,
when I chose to rise
in another hell,
in altogether well.
lets me teach this
my younger son.
I assure thee, mis-
true constancy discover,
erect a lover.

of my closest day,
life can offer me,
nothing makes us gay,
nothing shall along my
the feet of sorrow free.
—W. E. Gladstone.

JACOBUS.

time was long past
were still glistening
shutters of the little
by the blinding
on Winchester, and
rolling gaily up, judg-
by the task door.
The inn was a house
and the landlord
own, but at a time
of Cromwell's sol-
riding the country it
teman of the road to
not, in the estimation
is, it was no insignif-
icant score held by him
conveighed that a king's
demonstrated to com-
his inn by a mount
stabling his horse in
the kitchen, where the
dark remnant of a
cup pipe between his
to add to his buying
itter of empty bottles.

Stopping short in his
landlord nodded to him
a word, at the same
limbs over his shoulder
dove, above which
mounted west of the inn
the. Captain Jacobus,
restoration, walked
a parlor, a
red-carpeted room
it with a vestimental
a huge pile of wood
gle, and standing side
of blocks to the blaze;
tall, lonesome-looking man,
dement black hair and
color affected by the Pro-
of the day. Squat-
d white hair and worn
the younger was clean
as bald, so that his
neat like a moist egg in
two resounding each
anticipate.

He took off his hat with
ture and began, with
liberation, to unhook
the table he had arrayed
in persons returning the
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"Trust in the sword of
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Young man rose, moved an el-
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We have ridden far today,"
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man, and out for the deal,
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tiny silence that followed
by a tiny click as the cap-
a pistol.

young man started slightly
the recumbent figure at

the settle opened its eyes, and the two
exchanged a glance so rapid as to be
scarcely perceptible.

"Sir," answered the young man car-
nestly, "you touch me more than you
know. I am infinitely eager for social
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and her mother—and her dowry—as
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jogged along till nightfall. And here
we are, and I offering you a third of
the swing, and what could be fairer?"

Captain Jacobus stood erect and cleared
his throat. The highwayman loved a
striking situation, like an actor, and
delighted much more in the success of
distressing opportunities than in
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They played without exchanging a
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but as the night wore on a little heap
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The doubt in his mind grew and prick-
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anxiously and presently detected a piece
of very soft manipulation. The high-
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mustache looked the other full in the
eye. The cheat blushed, went very
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AD DOROTHÉA.

I know where there is honey in a jar,
And I know where diamonds are.
That only waits small hands to interfere.
A wealth for such a golden hand of thine.

The thoughts that they are coming make all
glad.

The house is bright with blossoms high and
low.
And many little birds and little birds
Expectantly are waiting to sing.
The two birds that our sun had sent flight.
The grandmothers, of women joyed,
Made one of men most honored and most
bliss.

That naughty boy who led me to suppose
He was thy sweethearts has, I strive to tell,
Been seen to play the guitar and sing rose
And talk to us all day long.
Who does not seem him altogether well.

But mind not that; it is but thin.
To think of my youthful lover,
And his mother's fears, I taren't the last.
No, if thou wouldst truly come to see,
My grandfather is perfect as a lover.

Even now, then mayhem of my closing day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make me gay.
They fresh young girls shall make my earthly.
Song that shall tell the fact of sorrow like.
—W. E. Gladstone.

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Although the time was long past
midnight, lights were still gleaming
from behind the shutters of the little
blind abodes, built by the Heading
road, not far from Winchester, and
Captain Jacobus, riding gaily up, judged it prudent to enter by the back door
in consequence. The inn was a honest
call for the captain and the landlord
a creature of his own, but, at a time when
descendants of Cromwell's soldiers
were rough riding the country he behaved
a gentleman of the road to use caution. Indeed, in the estimation
of Captain Jacobus, it was no insignificant
item in the long score held by him
against the Commonwealth that a king's
gentleman should sometimes be compelled
to sneak into his inn by a mean entrance. After slinging his horse the
captain entered the kitchen, where the
landlord, a little dark remnant of a man,
with a short pipe between his teeth, was going to find free buzzing
himself amid a litter of empty bottles
and greasy plates. Stopping short in his
employment, the landlord nodded to his
patron without a word, at the same time
jacking his thumb over his shoulder toward the half door, above which
a square of the panelled wall of the inn
parlor was visible. Captain Jacobus, without further hesitation, walked
promptly into the parlor.

The long, low, red carpeted room
was brilliantly lit with a wistful pro-
fusion of candle, a huge fire of wood
roared in the huge, and standing side
by side, with their backs to the blaze,
were two tall, lousy, hung men,
dressed in the decent black gear and
falling white collar affected by the Pres-
byterian ministers of the day. Save that
the elder man had white hair and wore
a beard, while the younger was clean
shaven and almost bald, so that his
great head glistered like a moist egg in
the sunlight, the two resembled each
other in every particular.

Captain Jacobus took off his hat with
a sweeping gesture and began, with some show of deliberation, to unbuckle
and to lay upon the table his sword and
pistols. The two persons returned the
salute with a grave inclination, the younger
bowing just a fraction of time behind
the older, after a momentary glance at him, as if (though the captain)
the junior had had a lively habit of
subservience to the senior that he manifested it unconsciously, even in the
most trivial actions. Captain Jacobus
disposed himself comfortably upon the
settle against the wall and called for
wine. Opposite to him, upon the high
backed settle in the huge nook, the travelers' sardines were piled together
with their riding cloaks and great
bunched hats.

"You travel late for gentlemen of
the paseo," remarked the captain.
"Have you no fear of highwaymen?"

"We put our trust in the sword of
the Lord," replied the elder clergyman
plainly.

"And of Gideon," echoed the younger
in a thin, high voice, extraneously cut
of keeping with his bulk.

"Spoken very gaily, and a mighty
pretty retort!" observed the captain,
rolling his liquor on his tongue.
"And you it seems to me you run something
of risk notwithstanding."

"My son and I," returned the old
man, with much tranquility, "should
be shielded from the devil this way
many years past."

"Yes, even when he traveleth abroad
in the guise of robber!" the other
chimed in cheerfully.

"All," said the captain, "but perhaps
you never met Captain Jacobus, the
cavalier who rides this very road from
Heading to Winchester. They say he
had a very deadly spite against Pur-
tians. The parliament dispossessed him
of all estate, I've heard, and he vowed
the pragmatical rebels should pay for it
when he got them."

Pausing to sip his wine, the speaker
eyed the two persons over the
edge of his glass. They returned his
gaze in silence, with a watchful atten-
tion. "He has a mighty pleasant way
with him, so I'm told, that Captain
Jacobus," pursued the captain, "none
of your common stand and deliver meth-
ods for him, but all manner of pretty
knacks and strange devices. Why, now,
just to give you an example: Suppose
he was sitting where I sit now." The
speaker paused a moment, but the two
big clergymen did not move so much as
an eyelid. "It's likely he would pro-
pose a game at the cards to you two gen-
tlemen. Down you would have to sit
with him, willy nilly, you see, and in-
side of an hour I'll wager he would
have won the very coat off your backs,
all by pure skill, you understand. No
violence at all. And, talking of cards,"
said the captain briefly, with a sudden
change of tone, "what do you say to a
game of cards to you two gen-
tlemen?"

The old man cast a venomous glance
of contempt upon his object, shuddering.
"Boro! Right!" he broke out sav-
agely. "The clumsy fool!"

"I begin to perceive you are some-
thing of a preasant," remarked the cap-
tain. "Let me make your son's excuse.
To get the better of Captain Jacobus is

a highly temerarious enterprise, for a
young man, though I say it, but I must
ask you to take my dagger out of him
and clean it. I thank you. Now add
your pins to the blunt and pack it all
carefully up again. It's time for me to
go, as the song says."

"Come," returned the other roughly,
"let's talk sense, captain. The crop was
fairly ruined on the road, as you might
have done yourself. We have ridden far today,"

"And the weather is bad, and we have
had a courtly audience at the roadside
station, and the horses are all lame."

"I am exceedingly sorry, sir. It is im-
possible that I should pleasure you in
so far a diversion," said the old man
mildly, "and, setting aside the claims
of my holy office, I know not one point
at which you might be seated for the
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BABY THE FIRST.
The poet may sing
Like a lark on the wing,
And the proudest strain
Is man to matchable.
There's one thing which passes their skill.
It has never been sung
By terrestrial tongue,
Nor has it ever been learned
How faithfully primal.
And how much idealized
In the honestest is baby the first!

Not for Oceans of gold
Upon Pelion rolled,
Not for pearls to the firmament piled,
Not for rubies gulfed,
Or the great Rolland.
Would the patient sing, that shall
She would have the high fife
Of a Diabolique pyre,
Ego who patient hunger and thirst
Her secret love
Could by any means save
From one pang her secret, but the first!
Oh, that dear life there
Is the mother of the bane
Of the home in which it had birth.
Simply ranks it above
Every creature or object of earth.
Yes, and for me, too,
To the other that the "lives"
Is of earthly desires the world,
And its tiniest woe
Will induce her to wake
All the night beside baby the first!

Babes second and third
Have no reason to "cry!"
At the motherly treatment they got,
Ran to mom and said, "Mama!"
They are much indulged chicks.
Each in turn is called "Ma's idle p."

But the hen who succeeded
Number one would indeed
Pick a few more from them than three,
Could not guess how much less is
The last she proposed.
For them that for baby the first! —Judy.

A MOUNTAIN GIRL.

"Whoa!"
The command was unnecessary, for both horse and driver were willing to stop and rest under the shade of the oaks and poplars that hot July noon. From early noon, when the dew was on the grass, until now, when the sun was overhead, Mr. George Glade had driven his faithful horse over the wild, rugged mountain roads of the Blue Ridge, and the piano was too inviting for him to pass by.

Mr. Glade was a schoolteacher, and his academy, as it was called, stood under the shadow of Mount Lopatoka, one of the tallest peaks of the Blue Ridge. He was, at the time of which we speak, returning to his home from the nearest railroad town, 80 miles away. Some years ago, warned by approaching disease, he had left his native home in Massachusetts for a warmer climate. Attracted by the wild mountain scenery and the balm air, which seemed to banish his pulmonary troubles, he had made his home among these hardy and hospitable mountaineers. He had again entered upon his old occupation, which he had followed in his early manhood in his New England home, and was now at the head of a flourishing school in this isolated country. His habits were simple, and his slender income was sufficient to satisfy his wants. He was alone in the world, and he had long ago decided to make his permanent home here among the mountains. It was not long before he became attached to those hardy mountaineers, and he readily accommodated himself to the primitive style of living. Although a man of northern birth and one who had worn the blue, he gave full credit to those who had won the gray for honesty of purpose. In return he stood high in the esteem of all who knew him. His work in the schoolroom was making its impress on the community, and the children were devotedly attached to the patient, white-haired old man. It was but seldom that he went out in the busy world which lay beyond the mountains encircling the lovely valley where he had made his home. On this occasion he was returning to his home by a route which was now to him, and the picturesque beauty of this Switzerland of the south had never before made such deep impression upon him.

A lovelier spot to spend the noonday hour could not have been found. Hard by was a bold spring, gushing out from the foot of the mountains at the head of a valley which sloped gently northward toward the Tennessee. The little stream formed by the spring went down hill the hillslope, winding its way among the boulders, now flowing smoothly along over its sandy bed, then turning with swift current around some steep declivity, soon to reappear in a full foaming and sparkling in the sunshine over a rocky ledge and again stretching out like a band of silver ribbon until it was lost in the distance, around, on almost every side, the everlasting mountains, reaching up to the cloudless sky, clothed at this season of the year in greenest verdure, with their wooded crests and the deep blue other backgrounds appearing like the golden rolling waves of the sea. Nestled among the jutting cliffs at the mountain base stood a humble log cabin, and across the road in the little field on the hillslope in the growing corn could be seen an ox harnessed to a plow and toiling up the incline, and behind the plow, holding on with all her strength to the handle, was a half-grown girl. The attention of Mr. Glade, who had unfastened his horse and was preparing to lead the animal to the ford of the little brook below the spring, was attracted. He saw her, as the ox reached the end of the row, stop, and shading her eyes with one hand, look up at the sun.

As if satisfied that the mountaineer had come, she quickly released the little spotted ox from his trappings. The ox needed no word of command, but turned and made his way rapidly down the slope to the brook to quench his thirst. The girl followed and reached the stream as soon as the ox had stuck his head to the running water. She stood for several moments with her bare feet in the clear, cold water, then, throwing back her homespun bonnet until it rested on her shoulders, she stepped down and washed her hands, then dipping up the water in her open palms bathed her face rosy with the heat, and brushed back her tangled hair. Her toilet was finished.

What a picture!

Standing in the running brook, a bending mountain ivy, with its white and crimson flowers touching her hair, now rustled from its homespun covering where the sunlight and shadow met and mingled, her cheeks aglow from the morning's toil, and her eyes, blazin' as the ethereal stars, turned toward the hummocks on the hillslope, she was indeed a child of nature—a true type of the mountain girl.

"Good morning, miss," said Mr. Glade, who had approached unperceived by the girl, who had been busy with her ablutions.

The girl, startled by the sound of a human voice, sprang from the brook and prepared, for flight in the direction of the cabin, but seeing the kindly face of the old gentleman she stopped and added, "Laid his salutation with a nod.

"Do you live here?" asked Mr. Glade.

"Yes," she replied, pointing toward the cabin.

"Now," said Mr. Glade, "as his horse came up from the brook after satisfying his thirst, 'can I not get a cool drink

from the morning mornings as it streamed in through the door fading the sun, and again, when the sun went down behind the mountain in the west, he loved for the last rays to fall in all their golden glory upon his head. Often when the moon was flooding mountains and streams and valleys with molten light he would ask his wife to wheel his bed near the open door, and then, with her hand in his, they would look down the beautiful valley and see the winding stream, with its banks lined with flowering ivy and laurel, looking like glistened sentinels keeping silent watch over their mountain home. And they thanked God for it all.

Captain Hale had done what he could with his imperfect education to give Ida some knowledge of books, as well as the well-thumbed volumes on the shelf testified. While her language was rude and imperfect and her information very limited, yet aspirations had been kindled in the heart of this child of the forest which she herself scarcely knew. Her life of toil, so hard for one of her sex and tender years, was sweetened by those thoughts which had begun to spring in her soul. She drew inspiration from all the objects around her—the great old mountains, the thickly wooded forests, the cooling dove and the frisking squirrel, the bubbling spring and the running brook.

Mr. Glade had fastened his horse to the vehicle and was ready to depart as Ida came down to the ford of the brook, and whistling for the ox was preparing to turn him to his plowing on the hillside.

"Ida," he said, "how would you like to go to school and learn?"

"Go to school?" she interrupted. Her blue eyes kindled as she continued, "Ask me if I like to drink out of this spring when I am thirsty, or to eat bread and honey when I am hungry. Go to school! But—"

"But what?"

"What's the use of talking mister?"

"So here, mister, pap ain't able to plow nor do nothing else. He can't walk nor sit up. He's got what they calls paralytic. I told you as how pap was in the war. Well, over yonder at Chickamauga, where there was a big fight, the Yankees shot pap two times, and they almost killed him. I hate Yankees, don't you?"

Mr. Glade was silent. She continued her story. "After awhile pap mended and got so he could walk around some with a crutch and work a little bit. Ma has told me as how after the war she and pap had a plenty to live on, but when he come home from Chickamauga it was all gone. Pap is a mighty good man, and he done the best he could, and after awhile when we children was big enough we helped him, and ma always helped him. One day just before ma was taken down sick pap was enroute down the mountain, and in full and hurt himself. In the hills where the Yankees shot him. Poor pap, we managed to kindle a fire and we all put him to bed, and he is in bad yet and can't turn himself without help. Poor pap!" and the blue eyes grew moist, and there was a choking in her throat.

After a short pause she continued her story. "Ma tould him the best she could, and she sold one of the steers—the mite to Old Spot, out there—and she took the money, and she went and hired a doctor who was over yonder across the mountain on the other side of the Hiwassee river to come and see pap. We all prayed while ma was gone that pap might live and get well, and the good Lord, he heard us chit-chat, no matter if there isn't a crumb of bread nor a scrap of meat in the house," said Dr. Baker in explaining the situation of the family to Mr. Glade.

"As to Ida," he added, "she's as bright and as pretty as a picture. If she had the chance of a good education, professor, she would be a queen among women, or my mama is not silly Baker."

"I intend to give her the chance," said Mr. Glade, with decision.

It was soon arranged. One of Dr. Baker's servants was to go over and take care of the little farm and the helpless family, while Ida was to be taken into Mr. Glade's school and given the best opportunities of obtaining a finished

education. Good Mrs. Baker volunteered to fit her up with a wardrobe which would answer for present emergencies.

Ten days after his first visit Mr. Glade was again drinking from the gourd which hung on the broken twig by the side of the mountain spring.

As Ida came across the brook, following Old Spot from the cornfield, she met him.

"Howdy, Mr. Glade!" she joyfully exclaimed. "What you come for?"

"For you."

"For me? What for, Mr. Glade?"

"To carry you back with me to school."

"But I can't go. I can't leave pap and Old Spot, the children."

Her lips quivered, and the tears came.

"Yes, you can," said Mr. Glade, "for a man has come with me for the purpose of renting the farm. He will stay and take care of Old Spot and your father and the children."

Her whole face shone with joy.

"A kin friend," he continued, "has provided a pair of shoes, a dress or two and some other things for you in that truck in the wagon."

"Thank God!"

"Will you go?"

"Yes, if pap is willin'."

"He is not only willin', but anxious.

I must tell you, however, before you make up your mind that I am a Yankee."

"The Lord has forgiven you for that."

"But I was a soldier at Chickamauga."

"The Lord will forgive you for that,

too, if he will forgive me for hatin' you Yankees what shot and crippled pap. I've done asked him to forgive us all."

"Then you'll soon be ready?"

"Yes. And Mr. Glade—I can't tell it—but I want to say thunky. I am only a poor mountain girl, but if the good Lord lets me live I will thank you, and I'll work my fingers to the bone to pay you back every cent you spend for me."

In an hour she had kissed her father, her sister—and the truth must be told—Old Spot, goodly, and was gone.

* * *

Four years had passed by—four years of hard study and consecrated devotion to duty on the part of Ida Hale. Nine months of each year had been spent at the school presided over by Professor Glade and the vacations back at the humble cottage by the spring, helping with her own hands to till the little farm and gather the harvest. Pap and Old Spot and the girls were always abjects of her love and her care. The winter of the spring was just as cold, the mists of the running brook just as sweet, the white and crimson blossoms of the mountain ivy just as lovely and the towering pines of the mountains just as grand as the day we first saw her plowing on the mountain side and bathing her rosy face in the cooling waters of the creek, where the sunlight played hide and seek among the blossoms.

And that old man was bright and cheerful.

All means that were in his reach had been used to restore him to vitality, but hope had faded, and in a voice rich in melody, yet softened by pathos, she tells of her struggles and her aspirations, and her eyes grew moist and all hearts beat in sympathy with the barefoot mountain girl who was already a queen among women.—S. D. Bradwell in Atlanta Constitution.

"How did you break your slate, Jack?" asked his mamma.

"I don't know," said Jack. "I drew a picture of a boy throwing a stone at a bird, and I guess maybe the stone hit the slate."

Philadelphia Times.

business see the morning mornings as it streamed in through the door fading the sun, and again, when the sun went down behind the mountain in the west, he loved for the last rays to fall in all their golden glory upon his head. Often when the moon was flooding mountains and streams and valleys with molten light he would ask his wife to wheel his bed near the open door, and then, with her hand in his, they would look down the beautiful valley and see the winding stream, with its banks lined with flowering ivy and laurel, looking like glistened sentinels keeping silent watch over their mountain home. And they thanked God for it all.

"Ah, that's a drink fit for a king," said the gentleman after he had almost drained the contents of the gourd.

"That's what pap says," said the maid.

"Thoro haun't no colder water in the Blue Ridge," she continued, filling the gourd again and putting it to her lips.

"Who is pap?" asked Mr. Glade.

"Pap! Why ho is my father?"

"I know that, but I intended to ask his name."

"John Hale. Howsoever, people us knows him call him Cap'n Hale, 'cause, you see, he was in the big war."

"What's your name, my child?"

"Ida."

"Where's your mother, Ida?"

"Mother's gone to heaven more'n a two year ago; leastways said she was gon there, and I believe it. See, she was softy, plowing to a mound on the hillsides near the cottage.

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